

RECOGNIZING MR. ADAM BROWN
OF BOILING SPRINGS, PENNSYLVANIA

HON. TODD RUSSELL PLATTS

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 14, 2006

Mr. PLATTS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the patriotic essay on military service by one of my young constituents, Mr. Adam Brown of Boiling Springs, Pennsylvania.

Adam's essay entitled, "Narratives of Soli-diers," was submitted for publication by Mr. Larry Babbitts, a twice-wounded, two-war combat veteran and commander of the Military Order of the Purple Heart, Capitol City—West Shore Chapter 11, Boiling Springs, Pennsylvania. In his essay, Adam pays tribute to the courageous service and sacrifice of those men and women in uniform who selflessly guard our individual freedoms and liberties here at home and throughout the world.

Mr. Speaker, I am pleased to submit Adam's essay for publication in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, at Mr. Babbitts' request. Adam's essay reminds all Americans that it is our solemn national duty to support our fellow citizens who volunteer to forfeit their own security to defend and preserve the rights and liberties that make our Nation the world's pinnacle of freedom. In Adam's words, "there is no greater gift than serving your country."

NARRATIVES OF SOLDIERLY

(By Adam Brown)

Hang your head in shame, those who think themselves too good for service, for there is no man who may say it with truth. Those who find themselves in wealth's company and belittle the soldier, hold your self-righteous tongues in the presence of men greater than yourselves. Before your mercurial words lash on the backs of the men who fight, remember this; the dream that you live was delivered by those men whom you belittled. For a rich man who thinks himself too valuable for soldiery is worth less than the vagabond who answers his nation's call.

All men of a free nation are indebted to nation that grants them that freedom. And the soldier, violent so as his acts may be, is the vessel with which those freedoms are delivered. Go Curser of the warrior, exercise your freedoms; speak what you will, worship what you will, and congregate where you will, but rest your head at night with an uneasy conscience. For when your nation looked for your service in time of war, you lowered your head, so as not to be recognized, so let your head stay lowered in dishonor. Wise is the common man who recognizes his debt, and pays it with his service, for there is no greater gift than serving your country.

Common man, you may walk the roads of your country knowing one absolute truth, every time you fought on our behalf, every time you killed out of orders, and every time you held a dying brother, you earned your rights. Every American gets them, but you, oh noble veteran, have earned them in a way the nay-sayer will never. And his riches can never buy what you have earned. Keep this knowledge sacred, that in paying the debt to your country, all others now owe that debt to you. You now owe no man, only God.

Common man of soldiery, what you have done will be forever with you, both your valiance and your nightmares. For every soldier remembers, be it right or wrong, taking life. So when you wake in your bed with cold sweat, find comfort; find comfort in the fact that the actions that give you nightmares,

have also brought you honor. And search for a small measure of peace. In a world that was fair, no one would ask you to be strong again, because you have shown enough strength for your entire lifetime. But, alas, this world lacks perfection, and you are never rid of what is asked of you.

Though it isn't fair, still you must be strong, strong for your family, and your community. Do not search for recognition for what you have done; it will come of itself. It seems impossible to find enough toughness in oneself to remain the pillar of strength for so many, but you can do it, and you must do it. People will look to you as the military, be it invited or not. So your actions reflect on the military, the entire military, regardless of your branch, it is for this reason you must still be strong. Though you may not think it, you will find inner strength to hold up all that you need to.

You who retreats from honor's light, again you are addressed. When a soldier enters your presence, dare you not to criticize or even meet eyes with him. For you did cower, and no self-justification will nullify that fact. You have the luxury of speaking ill of the nation, and its leader. Carry with you any politics you may, speak ill of your government if you see fit, for that is the first liberty we took upon creating our country, but see the line between the government, and the soldier. For that line is a canyon for which there is no compare. And if you truly think ill of your government, do not impose upon a soldier, your dissatisfaction. For if not for him you would hail: a British crown, a Mexican president, a slave holder, a German Furher, a Japanese Emperor, a Korean Dictator, a Russian Czar, or an Arab Sheik. This list is long and the common soldier did fight and prevail over all these. So you have no place to quarrel with such a noble man. Keep in mind, the soldier is merely the sword of his people, to do what they wish. One does not blame the sword for who it cuts down, or why it cuts, the sword only does what its wielder commands. Yet forget not your duty, to speak against the government if it should become tyrannical, because you are bound by honor to see the sword not abused.

Some men measure success in gold and things of beauty; I pity these men. Some measure success in popularity, these men too, I pity. For success is nothing more than accomplishing something correctly, every man has done this, and every man has failed at this. Men place too much importance on success, and in doing so have neglected the most important of all virtues, honor. But what is honor? Honor cannot be tasted, seen, or heard, but felt; not just by he who is honorable, but everyone around him as well. Honor is standing defiantly in the face of that which is wrong and stating with a stem voice and clenched fists, "This is not right, and I will not let this stand." Those words will emanate to the heavens and rally the angels' cheers. Those words will shake hell to hysteria and send demons fleeing in fear.

Take a moment, Common Man of the Soldier, and find simple comfort in the fact that not all turn a blind eye to what you have done. For what you carry with you; you are honored.

PAYING TRIBUTE TO JO ELLE HURNS OF THE LAUGHLIN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

HON. JON C. PORTER

OF NEVADA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 14, 2006

Mr. PORTER. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor Jo Elle Hurns, an outstanding individual

who has given nine years of invaluable service to the Laughlin Chamber of Commerce.

Before joining the Laughlin Chamber of Commerce, Jo Elle Hurns worked for twenty years in the Colorado River Communities, her first five years as a reporter. In 1990, she went to work as Marketing Director for Don Laughlin.

In 1997, Jo Elle Hurns became the Executive Director of the Laughlin Chamber of Commerce. In this position, she began by assisting the community with economic development plans for the region, including creating a consensus among nine different jurisdictions to fund the \$28 million reconstruction of Needles Highway. Her efforts in lobbying at local, state and federal levels for major infrastructure improvements in Laughlin included trails, successful multi-million dollar grant attainment and the sale of federal lands for further residential and commercial growth. Due to her heartfelt commitment to raise funds and develop programs for dozens of social service agencies including the Colorado River United Way, she greatly influenced the effectiveness of many organizations in giving service to the area.

Jo Elle Hurns was also very involved in serving the community. From 1995 to 2000 she was on the Laughlin Town Board, and in 2005 and 2006 she was a member of the Nevada Alliance for the Boys and Girls Club. She received the Spirit of the Colorado River Award in 2001, and for the past six years has been the Distinguished Woman of Southern Nevada.

Mr. Speaker, I am grateful for the opportunity to honor Jo Elle Hurns for her service to Laughlin and the State of Nevada.

H.R. 4744, TO DESIGNATE THE DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS AFFAIRS OUTPATIENT CLINIC IN TULSA OKLAHOMA AS THE ERNEST CHILDERS DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS AFFAIRS OUTPATIENT CLINIC

HON. JOHN SULLIVAN

OF OKLAHOMA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 14, 2006

Mr. SULLIVAN. Mr. Speaker, this evening, I introduced H.R. 4744, legislation to designate the Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) Outpatient Clinic in Tulsa, Oklahoma as the Ernest Childers VA Outpatient Clinic to honor one of our nation's finest military heroes.

Ernest Childers holds the distinction of being the first Native American to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor for his heroic action in 1943 at the battle of Oliveto, Italy, when he charged German machine gun nests against machine gun fire. Although suffering a broken foot in the assault, Childers ordered covering fire and advanced up a hill, single-handedly killing two snipers, silencing two machine gun nests and capturing an enemy mortar observer. His courageous action helped American troops win the battle and save the lives of American soldiers. Childers was also awarded the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star for his actions.

Born in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, Childers, enlisted in the Oklahoma National Guard in 1937 to earn extra money while attending the

Chilocco Indian School in north-central Oklahoma. While stationed at Fort Sill in Oklahoma, he was deployed to Africa to fight in World War II. Childers retired from the Army in 1965 as a Lieutenant Colonel but remained very active in the Tulsa community serving Indian youth, which led to the naming of a middle school in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma in his honor in 1985.

As a proud Creek Indian, in 1966, Childers was honored by the Tulsa Chapter of the Council of American Indians as "Oklahoma's most outstanding Indian." Of his military service in World War II, Childers once said, "The American Indian has only one country to defend, and when you're picked on, the American Indian never turns his back." A fitting quote from a man who exemplified courage under fire and dedication to defending our nation.

Until his death on March 17, 2005, Childers was Oklahoma's last Congressional Medal of Honor recipient still living in the state. I am proud to introduce this legislation to honor his life and legacy. We were honored to have him grace us with his model character, defend us with his bravery, and leave us all with a life well-lived.

IN MEMORY OF ELIZABETH
DAILEY

HON. JO ANN DAVIS

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 14, 2006

Mrs. JO ANN DAVIS of Virginia. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to express my sorrow for the loss of Stafford County Treasurer Elizabeth Dailey, who recently passed away at the young age of 47. A leader in the community, Elizabeth was a person who sincerely cared about the citizens of Stafford, and worked to make life easier for them. In her tenure as Treasurer since 1993, Elizabeth provided Stafford with service, giving citizens individual assistance with complicated tax and financial issues. As Treasurer, she was an innovative leader and a true public servant. As a colleague, she was regarded as a trusted friend. Everyday, she was a loving wife and mother.

Elizabeth Dailey will truly be missed. I express my utmost condolences to her friends and family, and in a special way, would like to thank Elizabeth's husband Donald and daughter Nicole for sharing this very special lady with the citizens of Stafford County.

CELEBRATING BLACK HISTORY
MONTH

HON. HILDA L. SOLIS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 14, 2006

Ms. SOLIS. Mr. Speaker, I rise to join our Nation in honoring the many great contributions of the African American Community by celebrating Black History Month.

Overcoming enormous obstacles and racial barriers, the African American community has made vast contributions to all aspects of American society—music, literature, sports, education, science, business, and politics. We

must remember not only our outstanding heroes such as Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., Frederick Douglass, former Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm, Rosa Parks, and Coretta Scott King, this month, but also the extraordinary lives of everyday African Americans who have helped build our great Nation.

I want to particularly honor the lives of two exceptional women who we lost recently: Rosa Parks and Mrs. Coretta Scott King. Their lives and their work for civil rights reflect the struggle and contributions that African Americans have made to our society. Their actions set America on a course of inclusion and tolerance, which continues to benefit us everyday. We must follow their steps and build upon their great accomplishments for equality and justice.

During this month and throughout the year, I encourage those living in California's 32nd Congressional District and around the country to take the time to honor the African American community by learning about its vast accomplishments and rich culture.

HONORING THE LIFE OF MR.
DONALD COLEMAN

HON. JIM COSTA

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 14, 2006

Mr. COSTA. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to celebrate the life of Donald Coleman, reporter for the California newspaper, The Fresno Bee.

Donald Coleman was a gentleman, a fine reporter and truly a person with a passion for life. For those of us who had the good fortune to know him or work with him there is now a very empty space. Personally, I will miss the times that Don and I shared together in the Tower District where he would humorously point out the flaws and shortcomings we all experience in life.

As we reflect upon a life well lived, we should rededicate ourselves to caring and helping those less fortunate than ourselves. And in that sense, Don was a good role model for all of us. Donald Coleman cared deeply about his family, his friends and the people who live in our Valley. His passion for people was an inspiration for all of us to try harder the next day. I know after seeing Don I always tried harder the next day. Ralph Waldo Emerson once said, "The only way to have a friend is to be one." I want to thank you, Donald Coleman, for having been a friend to those of us, who had the good fortune to know you.

The following is a wonderful description of the life and times of Donald Coleman that appeared in the Fresno Bee:

Donald Coleman, the face of The Fresno Bee for many in far-flung rural communities and a fixture in Fresno's Tower District, died of an apparent heart attack Tuesday morning. He was 57.

"We are deeply saddened by the sudden death of reporter Donald Coleman. His good cheer and graciousness were well known throughout many departments here, and he had scores of friends in the community as well. We will not only miss Don as a journalist, but also as a friend," said Charlie Waters, executive editor of The Fresno Bee.

Funeral arrangements are pending. Mr. Coleman's Mercedes rolled into flowerpots in front of the downtown Starbucks on Kern Street at 11:37 a.m. Police said they found him unconscious in the front seat.

His job was covering the rural communities surrounding the city of Fresno.

"He had a lot of concern with what was happening in these small, poorer farming communities. His heart was out here, and he personally was out here. He would visit. He would write our stories," said Joseph Amador, a former Mendota mayor. Colleagues recalled his extraordinary compassion, which he sometimes masked with impish cantankerousness.

Every December, Mr. Coleman unfurled his "Bah Humbug" sign, a banner passed on to him years ago by a cigar-chomping, old-time reporter. But every August, he threw a Christmas party, complete with a tree. The price of admission was a donation for the food banks in a season when people often forget to donate.

He showed up to tutor first-graders at Kirk Elementary School even if it was his day off. Tuesday mornings were his regular visiting day.

Mr. Coleman came to journalism later in life, one of the older students to graduate with a journalism degree from California State University, Fresno, in 1988, the year he started working at The Bee. Earlier in life, he was a college football player, a seminary student, a banker, a law student and an airline employee.

He was at times The Bee's only black news reporter.

"We discussed racial issues many times, and I learned a great deal from him. In many ways, I think he was a pioneer," said Jim Tucker, host of "Valley Press" and one of Mr. Coleman's journalism professors.

Outside of work, Mr. Coleman was the consummate man about town, friend to everyone, especially in the Tower District.

"He was the unofficial secretary of state. He knew everyone, and everyone knew him: hairstylists, lawyers, bartenders, professors, artists, poseurs and idiots. Don was wonderful to everyone. The word that comes to mind is sweet. He was the most decent guy. I don't know why he put up with all of us," said longtime friend Andrew Simmons.

He was passionate about travel and family—he carried a picture of his grandmother in his wallet. He bought lottery tickets, planning his Jamaican escape. Bee colleagues on Tuesday recalled his running shtick when the jackpots were high.

"It's my last day," he'd say. "Do you want to say goodbye?"

75TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
OTTAWA NATIONAL FOREST

HON. BART STUPAK

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, February 14, 2006

Mr. STUPAK. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor a northern Michigan natural phenomenon that will be celebrating its 75th Anniversary of restoring the natural beauty and resources of Michigan's Upper Peninsula (U.P.). This year the Ottawa National Forest will celebrate 75 years of service but an endless impact on the vibrant habitat.

During the early 1900's, loggers flocked to Michigan's western U.P. to take advantage of what seemed to be an endless supply of pine trees. Used for fuel, paper products and the timber necessary to build cities like Detroit and Chicago, the once lush, vast forests were gutted and left as a desolate wasteland by the late 1920's.

In 1931 the fate of that land would change forever when President Herbert Hoover signed